Army Of No Ones

"Revelation. The first angel blew his trumpet and there came hail and fire mixed with blood and they were hurled to the Earth and a third of the Earth was burned up. And a third of the trees were burned up. And all of the green grass was burned up. As for the cowardly, the faithless, the polluted, the murderers, the fornicators, the sorcerers, the idolators and all of the liars. Their place will be in the lake that burns with fire and sulphur, which is the second death.

Let it burn. Let all of it burn."

- dialogue from the seventh and final chapter of the 2021 Netflix series Midnight Mass

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An armed force without officers has no officially recognizable strategic targets and cannot be compromised by any number of casualties that are not its entirety.

If you require a leader, if you must be ordered to act, then you are not one of Us.

You will be treated accordingly.

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And from the South there arose heavenward a red glow framed with firecracker sparks at its expanding edge. A preacher walked alone carrying its messages to a point where they took flight around the world - backwards and forwards in time hours equally until again met on the other side of the Earth. Such are the actions and birthing existence of this alien being, something that speaks as an equal to deities without being one itself. Something that by this nature is untouchable in a meaningful way by gods assembled, but, as it is not a threat to them, is not an overwhelming concern either.

From the ley lines crossing - an unobservable fixture to most, even those gifted with sight that extends past what is visually seeable - his offering to his chosen deity, Eris, is acknowledged. The hemispherical red aura centering on the alien's human body changes shape, if spied from far and high enough away.

Eris is sometimes pictured as also having wings like a crow, despite being a human female.

The favorite son of Dischord enlarges its volition, its kinesis, its intention until it is visible from thousands of miles away in any direction, regardless of atmospheric conditions. The edges of its aura, red and on a fire reminiscent of aurora borealis, green and gold in its interior, morphs from arcs into giant burning wings, the feathers of which are outlined individually.

And from the South a preacher shall rise.

'The imposition of order equals the escalation of chaos.'

- The Illuminatus! Trilogy

Robert Shea and Robert Anton Wilson

All rise.

And now we read from a holy scripture of the Dischordian faith, The Black Iron Prison, available for free to those who seek.